

NO.
54

PEP

COMICS

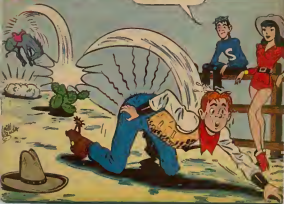
SEPT.
10¢



Starring **ARCHIE ANDREWS!**



HEY, ARCH, DO THAT OVER
AGAIN—VERONICA
DIDN'T SEE IT!



EXTRA!

BULLETIN No. 32

Listen to ARCHIE ANDREWS Talk!!

WHERE: ON THE RADIO.

TIME: STARTS SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2—10 A.M. E.W.T.

NETWORK: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO. ON A COAST TO COAST
HOOK-UP.

How's that for news, gang? Archie, our pal, the guy whose middle name is trouble, and Jughead are going to do their stuff again on the radio. Dooty and I know that every member of the Shield G-man club will tune in all right. But what we're going to ask you to do is pass the word along to your friends to tune in their radios. Let them in on the fun. And fun it will be. Funny as only Archie can be.

Remember . . . SATURDAY, JUNE 2. Let's tune in on Archie, Jughead, Ma, Pa, and the Girls.

*Sincerely,
Joe Higgins*

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe—

Please enroll me as a member of the
SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing
this coupon together with Ten Cents to
cover the costs of handling and mailing
my Badge and Identification Card.



Name

Address

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Archie

LOOKOUT
ZOOKER....

RUN!

THIS
TEEN AGED
STEAM AGE!

NO GAMS-YOU'RE NOT
SEEN THINGS- ARCHIE
ACTUALLY INVENTED THAT
ROLLIN' TEMPOT! PULL UP
A CHAIR AND LET ME
TELL YOU ABOUT
IT!



IT ALL
STARTED ONE
DAY WHEN ARCHIE
AND I WERE ON
OUR WAY HOME
FROM RIVERDALE
HIGH



NOTICE

THE ARCADE OF RIVERDALE
ANNOUNCES THE FIRST

SCHOOL BOYS MODERN INVENTION SHOW

A PRIZE OF \$25 WILL BE
GIVEN TO THE BOY
ENTERING THE WINNING
INVENTION

BOY O BOY
25 BUCKS!

HUMPH THAT
GUY WOULD PROBABLY
HAVE SLIPPED EGGSON
A BAKE FOR THE
STEAMBOAT!



DOPE!

ANYONE KNOWS
HENRY HUDSON
INVENTED THE
STEAMBOAT

LET'S SEE...
WHAT COULD I
INVENT THAT
"JOHN AMESGUY"
AND "SPENCE
ARDEGACY" HAVEN'T
YET?

IF YOU'D
DREAM UP SOMETHING
TO RUN YOUR CAR
ON JEEVES GAS
WE WOULDN'T BE
HOOPIN' IT EVERY
DAY!



THAT'S IT...
**THAT'S IT
JUGHEAD!**
NO GAS! HENRY
HUDSON! STEAM!

WELL LET'S
NOT GET SO
STEAMED UP!



\$25 WITH
A FULL LOAD
OF STEAM BY
ARCHIE
EMBARKS ON
HIS GREAT
JOURNEY TO
SCIENCE...
WITH A
HEAD FULL
OF STEAM

AND
I'LL CALL IT
**ARCHIE ANDREWS'
STEAM CAR!**

BANG!



Tempus Fugit

WHICH IN COMICS MEANS YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENED FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS!

JUGHEAD
RUN DOWN TO THE RAILROAD TIED AND BEING BACK A BAGG FULL OF SOFT COAL!

RUN?

SEE! I'LL HEAT THE WATER IN TWO OLD GAS TANKS BY MAKING A COAL FIRE IN THE OLD KITCHEN RANGE MOUNTED ON THE BACK... MAKING STEAM... THEN...

ER... I'LL GET THE COAL ABBIE!

WHY DO I ALWAYS PLAY POISTER TO ABBIE? ANYONE WOULD THINK HE HAD ALL THE BRAINS WHEN HE ONLY WAS HALF

MEANWHILE...

A BUNDLESTIFF!



WANTAMINT! WERE A
YOUNG BOYT LIKE YOUSE
DOWN IN DA FREIGHT YARDS?
ARE YOUSE RUDIN' DA ROOS?
LEAVE ME SEE YOUR
UNION CARD!



GULP... NO...
I-I WAS JUST
GETTING SOME COAL
FOR ARCHIE'S
AUTOMOBILE!



GOAL?
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE?
YOUSE HAVE GOT
A CLUNKER IN
YER NOOGIN!

NO, NO! HONEST-
ARCHIE SAYS HE
CAN FIX HIS CAR
TO RUN ON COAL,
INSTEAD OF GAS!



SAY! OUSE ROOS
MAY HAVE A GOLD NINE
AND OLD 'BOCK' IS IN
...LIKE A BOGUSAC!



LEAVE ME
HELP YOUR
PAL!



AND DATS
WHY I THINK
WE SHOULD
MOORE, JUHHEAD

GOSH!
YOU NEED
GHEF STOKER
ON YOUR
DRY SHIP?
...WAS IT
A TOWP
STEAMER?



ARCHIE, I
BROUGHT A...

**NEVER MIND
NOW!** HAND ME A
WRENCH, QUICK!





SO OLD ZOOK FIRED ARCHIE'S JALOPY... AND FINALLY THE BIG DAY OF THE INVENTION SHOW ARRIVES!

SHE'S POICOLATING PERFECTLY, MEN! WE'LL BE HERE IN NO TIME!

HEY, ZOOK-- I THINK WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WATER!



HUH? YOU RAN OUT OF GAS? OKAY, CHIEF. I'LL PUT SOME GAS IN A CAN AND BRING IT DOWN TO YOU!



SAY, COULD WE GET SOME WATER?

WHAT FLAVOR?

HEY, BEACH-HEAD! FILL THAT CAN OUT THERE WITH GAS-- AND NO CHARGE!

NOW I'LL SAY THIS IS A CAN! WHAT A FUNNY PLACE FOR THE GAS TANK!

WISE GUY!

ROSE!



ALL FULL, SIR-- AND NO CHARGE!

NO CH--? WELL, I SHOULD HOPE NOT!

NOW, WHEN DE FIRE HEATS DAT WATER, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH STEAM TO RUN DE 'S-S-O'!

COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO BUY THAT WITH THE \$-25 PRIZE MONEY!

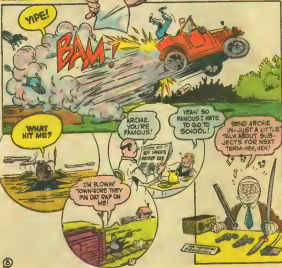


...SO IN CONCLUSION, I TURN THE CONTEST OVER TO OUR CHIEF JUDGE—THE PRINCIPAL OF P.S.S. I—MR. WEATHERS!

HARMPH! BOYS AND GIRLS—THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION WILL BE BY...BY...MM-M! ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AND THAT IS THE PRINCIPLE OF MY CAR!

AMAZING! ARE YOU SURE YOU THOUGHT OF THIS, ARCHIE!



HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

NEWS!

Archie

AND HIS GANG are
on the AIR



You SEE them in your favorite comics
Now **HEAR** them on your
FAVORITE NBC STATION
EVERY SATURDAY

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Beginning June 2nd.
10:00 - 10:30 AM.

What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica,
and the Andrews Family. Tune up your local
NBC radio station and keep your date with
Archie Andrews and his young every day
weekend morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.
(E.W.T.) Here the time of their life
listening to their adventures. **SOME**
ADVENTURES! SOME FUN! And
more! Will you do Archie a
real favor? Write and tell
us how you like him and
his gang up the air—
with your Thanks!



PEP PUZZLE FUN

A RIDDLE



TO WIN YOU ARE REQUIRED TO FIND AT LEAST 15 OBJECTS THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER **R**.

BEGIN FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVE ALONG THE LINES TO THE NEXT LETTER AND SO ON, TO SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF AT LEAST TWELVE TREES.



MISS HIPPO WANTS YOU TO CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH GIVEN WORD TO SPELL THE NAMES OF SIX FOODS.



WATER, FISH, JAM, CARE, SOUL, BUD

WATER, FISH, JAM, CARE, SOUL, BUD

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE

**MURDER
PLAYS A
HUNCH!**





SOMETIME LATER--



HELLO! WHO? DUSTY-YES! SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANYWAY?



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, JOE--IT HAPPENED! THE HOUR IS ABOUT TO STRIKE!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HOUR? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?--DUSTY--HELLO--HELLO DUSTY--?



THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! DUSTY-HELLO! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE RD--HELLO, OPERATOR? TRICE THAT CALL--AND HURRY!



WHERE? THE BLACK STAR BART? THANKS, OPERATOR!!



WHAT KIND OF A SCREWY MESS
HAS THAT NID GOT HIMSELF
INTO NOW?



I'LL FIND OUT SOON
ENOUGH, THOUGH!



THERE'S THE BLACK
SEAL - A SALOON!



OHAY, FATTY! WHERE'S
THE NID?

NOT WHAT NID?
THERE AINT NO
NID HERE!



LISTEN, FAT, FLABBY AND
FOOLISH! OPEN UP OR I'LL
GO TO WORK ON YOU -
I MEAN BUSINESS!

I DUNNO WHAT
YER TALKIN'
ABOUT!





IM JUST WASTING MY TIME WITH THESE CHARACTERS—SAY, WHY DON'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? MAYBE DUSTY LEFT A MESSAGE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH!



NOW WHAT?

THE HOUR OF DECISION IS DRAWING
CLOSE. DURYEA'S WAREHOUSE
AT THE WATERFRONT.



THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS BECOMING
HEARDER EVERY MINUTE!
DURYEA'S WATERFRONT
WAREHOUSE—
HONMM?



I GUESS IT BETTER
GET THERE AS FAST
AS I CAN!



THERE'S DURYEA'S
WAREHOUSE UP
AHEAD!



THE PLACE SEEMS TO
BE DESERTED!







LOOK AT HIM GO UP
THAT BUILDING LIKE
A MONKEY!



WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR.
I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED
ON THIS ROOF!



WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW? HE'LL
KILL HIMSELF IF HE ATTEMPTS TO
JUMP ACROSS THAT OTHER
ROOF!!



GREAT SCOT! HE MADE
IT. WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S
GOING TO BE A TOUGH
CUSTOMER TO CATCH
UP WITH!



OHAY, TWO CAN PLAY
THE SAME GAME!



I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW
HIM GO BEHIND THE WALL - I
WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

--SUDDENLY!--

HEY!

BOOF!

UGH!

WOW! WHAT A WILLOP
THAT GUY
PACKED!

BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH
HIM--AND WHEN
I DO--

THERE HE GOES ALONG
THE LEDGE, INTO THAT
APARTMENT
"WIMOO!"

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M
LETTING MYSELF IN FOR--
BUT HERE I GO!

BOY, IT'S PITCH
BLACK IN HERE. IF
I COULD SEE JUST
A LITTLE
BIT--?

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASH ON--

GUSTY, YOU? THIS IS OUR
APARTMENT!

SAY--WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA?

HEY! YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST GUY
TO TRY AND THROW A
SURPRISE
PARTY FOR--

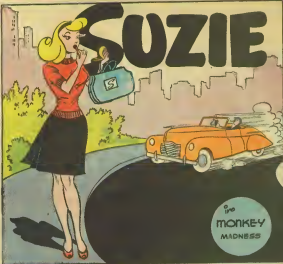
THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, REMEMBER? I
HAD TO COOK UP SOME KINDA SCHEME TO
GET YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE!

WHY, YOU UP,
RASCAL, YOU!

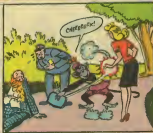
WELL, THE HOUR
HAS STRUCK--THE
GARD SOOT THINGS
READY WHILE YOU
WERE CARRYING
ME!

FOR HEY A JOLLY GOOD FOLLOW!!



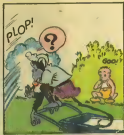




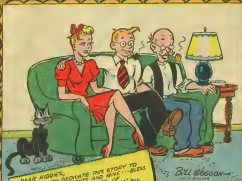








The TWIDDLES



DEAR KIDDER,
I'D LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS STORY TO
YOUR GRAND PARENTS AND HAVE THEM
READ THEM AND THEIR MEMORIES OF
THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!
Bill Wilson



HEY KIDS--I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST DAY I LOOKED AT THE PICTURES OF GRAND CANYON THROUGH THIS OL' STEREOSCOPE--

YES, GRAMPS-- YOU WERE A GOOD BOY THAT DAY SO YOUR MA LET YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES!



"YEP KIDS, THAT'S RIGHT!--OH BOY! GRAND CANYON--WHAT A BREATHTAKING DIZZY THRILL I RECEIVED! JUST LIKE THE REAL THING RIGHT ENER IN OUR PARLOR!"



"AMMMH!" THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS--WHEN WE TOOK A BATH IN THE KITCHEN IN THE OLD HIDDEN TUB EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT!--THEN PUT ON THAT CLEAN SUIT OF STIFF HEAVY, SCRATCHY UNDERWEAR!



"AND THEN A PAIR OF PAJ PANTS CUT DOWN TO FIT--AMM, THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!"

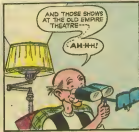
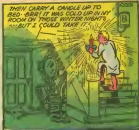


"AND NOW I USED TO HURL IN WOOD FOR THE KITCHEN STOVE AND A BUCKET OF COAL FOR THE BASE BURNER IN THE BETTIN' ROOM! AMMM-H!"



YES, GRAMPS-- "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!" TURN THAT LAMP ON SO I CAN READ!





YES, TOOTSIE, THERE
WERE THE GOOD OLD
DAYS!



I GUESS THE REASON I NEVER MARRIED
AGAIN—AFTER MOTHER PASSED
AWAY WAS BECAUSE I NEVER WANTED TO
“SIT” FOR ANOTHER WEDDING PICTURE



“ANYTIME THE TIME I’D CURRY MY DADS
HORSES, FINISH THE BUREAU, SHINE UP THE
HARNESS AND THEN GO COUNTRY!”



NONE OF THIS “JIVE” AND
“BOBBY SOOPS” STUFF—IT WAS
“25 SAYWOO” IN THOSE
“GOOD OLD DAYS!”



POOF! HEY, TOOTSIE,
COME HERE!



I’M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING
ABOUT “THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS”
—I’VE GOT AN IDEA TO CURE GRAMPA
—YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND OPEN ALL
HIS BED ROOM WINDOWS— I’LL GO
DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND TURN
OFF THE LIGHTS AND WATER —





CAR TROUBLE

AN ARCHIE STORY
By RAY COHAN

ARCHIE ANDREWS coked one ear at the slam of the downstairs door that announced the arrival of his father and glanced at the clock on his dresser. Seven-thirty. He sighed and for the hundredth time, nervously ran the brush over his heavily pomaded hair, then snapped off the light in his room and tip-toed softly out to the head of the stairs.

The grumble of his father's voice smote his ears. It was a bearish grumble, rumbling and for the most part, unintelligible, but it seemed to be centered around the family car. Archie didn't need a secretary to tell him what part of the car was being discussed. No doubt it was the fender, the rear fender to be exact.

He had borrowed the car a week ago, and parking on a hill, had gone into Larkin's Drug Store for a soda. He had forgotten to put it into gear, as his father had so often reminded him to do, the hand-brake had slipped and the car had rolled back down the hill to

bring up against a pole with disastrous results. The mere thought of the days following that accident made him slightly ill.

Now here it was, just three days after the fender had been straightened, and he needed the car again. He groaned and wondered if his decision was due to a streak of stubborn courage in him or just a streak of insanity.

Throned comfortably in his Morris chair, Andrew senior broke off a grumbling discourse, directed at his wife and stared morosely at the thickly pomaded head of his son, who had just stepped into the living room.

"Well," he said, "stepping out again tonight, eh?"

"Y-yes, Sir. Jughead and I are taking the Lane sisters to the school Prom."

"Humph! I suppose you want money again?"

"Noe, Sir. B-but . . ." Archie trembled and rubbed the back of one hand across his

sweating brow. "B-but," he swallowed hard, "if I could have the car, Sir?"

"What! You want the car? Why, you . . . I!" he broke off, sputtering, as his eye caught a warning wig-wag signal from his wife. He was licked before he started and he knew it. He tried to give in gracefully, smiled weakly, and said even more weakly, "Why, you can have it. Just be careful, that's all."

Archie waited to hear no more, but fled before there could be a change of heart. He didn't know what power his mother had over his father, but he was for it. At the front door, his father's voice made him pause.

"When you're through with it, drop it off at Gregor's garage. I had a little . . . er . . . trouble on the way home. I phoned them to expect me."

The door closed on Archie's relieved reply.

* * *

Mr. Andrews squirmed under the silent look of accusa-

tion in his spouse's eyes. The motor of the car outside coughed, booke into life. "Damn it!" he sputtered. "Don't look at me like that. You make me feel like a criminal."

"Humph!" his spouse declared coldly. She walked to the foot of the stairs, turned to look at her suddenly shrunken husband. "Humph!" she said again.

Mr. Andrews still squirmed.

* * *

The dance was a huge success. Archie and Jughead were agreed on that, as they left the Lane home and walked back down the path towards the car. It was standing by the curb where they parked it, the parking lights gleaming dimly. There was something about it though, that didn't seem just right, and Archie, glancing at its rear, saw what it was. The tail-light didn't burn.

"Oh-oh. Tail-light's out," he said. "You'll find a new one and a screw-driver in the glove compartment. Get it, will you, Jughead?"

Jughead, rummaging around the glove compartment a few seconds later, heard the stricken howl. He dashed around to the rear of the car to see a limp Archie, sagging against the spare tire and surveying

with sick eyes. . . & badly crumpled fender.

"Jughead," Archie moaned, "the fender. The same one I smashed up last Saturday . . . it's a wreck. Someone must've backed into it at the parking lot while we were at the dance. What'm I going to do?"

Jughead studied the fender. It was badly, though not hopelessly bent. Maybe . . . ! "Look here," he said. "Let's try to straighten it out. We can do it with a hammer and then go over it with some paint."

* * *

An hour later, exhausted by their labors, the two friends stared dully at the damaged fender. Where it had been dented, it now bulged and where it had bulged, it was now dented.

"It's no use, Jughead," Archie groaned. "it's just no use. We'll never straighten it out now. We just made it worse."

"What're you going to do?" Jughead said. "When your father finds this out . . ."

"I know," Archie said sickly. "but it can't be helped. I'll just have to take my medicine. G'men! I'll drop the car off at the garage."

* * *

The clock downstairs struck two when Archie knocked on

the bedroom door of his parents. One of the twin beds beside cracked under his father's weight and a sleepy voice said, "Is that you, Archie? Come in." Archie did.

"Well?" said his father stiffly as Archie walked in. "what is it?"

Archie swallowed noisily. "It's about the car, Dad. I . . . I . . ."

Mr. Andrews swelled visibly like an angry turkey-buzzard. "You've wrecked it," he said ominously. "Archie! If you wrecked it . . ."

"No, no," Archie squeaked, "just the fender. Someone must have backed into it, while we were at the dance. We tried for an hour to straighten it out, but . . . but . . ."

"That's—uh—okay, son. Just go to sleep and—uh—forget it!"

Archie gaped, then stammered, "I . . . I . . . Maybe you didn't hear, Dad. I . . . I . . . said that . . ."

"Archie."

"Yes, mother," he said.

"Don't worry about that fender. It was your father's doing. You see, dear. He parked the car on that hill in front of Larkin's Drug Store this morning, and forgot . . . to put it in gear!"

CAPTAIN **Commando**

AND
THE
BOY
SOLDIERS



AMONG THE FIRST TO FALL TO THE JAP HORDES (BETWEEN BURMA, WAS THE CITY OF SURIKASHI)



INVASION IS COMPLETE, COUGH-EL- CITY IS ENTIRELY IN OUR HANDS!

GOOD-COMMANDER EVERYTHING WHICH CAN BE USED BY US!



AMONG THE MANY PRIZES WAS A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT FOUND IN THE PALACE'S STABLES.....



THE JAP COMMANDER ADDRESSES THE RAJAH!

WHITE ELEPHANT NECESSARY TO AID IN CLEANING UP CITY FOR HONORABLE SONS OF HEAVEN- SO SORRY!



NO, I CANNOT PERMIT THAT! TO US, THIS WHITE ELEPHANT IS SACRED! YOU CAN'T USE HIM AS A COMMON MULE OR PACK HORSE!



SILENCE, DOG! TIE THE ELEPHANT WITH TOW ROPES AND PUT HIM TO WORK!





ENOUGH OF TITLING WITH THAT BEAST!
DRAG HIM IN THE JUNGLE!

YES,
EXCELLENCY!



ITS GOOD! NOW POUR THAT
MOLASSES ON SACRED
CHIESS AND LEAVE
HIM FOR ANTS!

HA! EXCELLENCY IS
MOST AGILEOUS!



SENSING ITS FATE, THE WHITE ELEPHANT TEARS
WAILLY AT ITS BOND!



THEN COME THE ANTS, ATTRACTED BY THE MOLASSES,
IN A NEVER-ENDING STREAM! THEY SWARM OVER THE
HELPLESS BEAST---



GROWLING AND RENDING VORACIOUSLY, AS THE
ELEPHANT TRUMPETS IN PAIN!



SUDDENLY, THE MONSOONS-----



THE POURING RAIN WASHES THE MOUNDIES OFF THE ELEPHANT!



REVIVED BY THE RAIN-THE ANIMAL, GATHERS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO BURST ITS BONDS AND ESCAPE TO THE JUNGLE!



THE YEARS PASS AND THE TIDES OF WAR HAVE TURNED! ONCE AGAIN, BURMA BECOMES A BATTLE-GROUND, AS THE ALLIED TROOPS SWEEP DOWN ITS LENGTH WITH DEVASTATING FURY! HEREWITH IS ENACTED AN INCIDENT--SMALL, BUT OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN THE RECONQUEST OF BURMA!



AT DIVISION HEADQUARTERS!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO, WE ARE HEARING 'MOUNDIE' ONLY THE CITY OF SURIKANG STANDS IN OUR WAY!



WE WANT THAT CITY SCOUTED, BEFORE WE ASSAULT IT IN FORCE! THE AREA HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY HAPPED! REMEMBER, TAKING SURIKANG WILL BRING THE CAMPAIGN TO A QUICK END!

I UNDER-
STAND, SIR!







HEY! HOW'DYA LIKE DIS LEAD TREATMENT?



ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH! YOU'VE DONE YOUR GOOD DEED-NOW, LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!

AW, WAIT A MINUTE, CAP! LET'S SEE IF BUSTER IS OKAY!



DON'T GO NEAR HIM, FLATBUSH! NO TELLING WHAT AN ANGRY ELEPHANT MAY DO!

DAY! BUSTER'S ALMOST WHEE, CAP!



HEY! THE ANIMAL'S GONE BARBER-WELL FILL THAT HO!

COAB!



HOP ON, CAP! ITS RIDER DIN' WALKIN'!

WELL, ILL BE--!!



ONLY KIDS-YER NEXT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE A HANDY PAL, FLATBUSH!



FOR WITH THIS TAXI SERVICE, WE'LL GET TO SURVIVE IN NO TIME! NOW, LET'S SEE-- ACCORDING TO MY MAP--??







JUSTICE OFTEN TAKES STRANGE FORMS, BUT NEVER STRANGER THAN THAT OF A WHITE SUBPRANT!

WOW! HE SPARTED OUT TO SCOUT A JAP GARRISON - BUT WED UPBY WIPING IT OUT-THANKS TO BUSTER!

LOOK, THERE GOES BUSTER, NOW! INTO THE JUNGLE, WITH A JAP IN HIS TRUNK!



AT LAST, BUSTER FINDS THE SPOT HE SEEKS! DOWN COME! WE THIRN IN A FLASHING ARC-THEN THE SOUND OF CRACKING BONES--AND A TRIUMPHANT BELLOW--!

AND SOYTHAPPEVED THAT BUNGCOON FELL! -P-P-P-P-

UNBELIEVABLE, YOU SAY? THEN GO TO GUYANA AND WALK A LITTLE WAY INTO THE JUNGLE, THERE YOU WILL FIND YOUR PROOF, A JAP UPON WHOSE CORPSE THE ANTS FEASTED!



PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH **EVERYBODY WINS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POST CARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS! THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE! ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE! SO, SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME - - - ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO PEP COMICS, 341 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS!

ANN HORNE
4546 DEAL DRIVE
LONG BEACH, CAL.
SOPHIE GUMSKI
614 BERGEN ST.
NEWARK, N.J.
JANET JOHNSON
2414 W. FOURTH ST.
DAUTH, MINN.

MURVIN MELHE
315 E. 5TH ST.
GRAPTON, N.DAK.
SANDRA HAHNS
246 ROSE AVE.
ARLENE, TEXAS
MIKE EDWARDS
801 108
MERIDIAN, CAL.

JOHN CONNOLLY
238 E. 33 ST.
N.Y.C.
LARRY TWOFY
W. 1403 TWELFTH
SPOKANE, WASH.
ROSETTA MONAR
4514 P. SCOTT AVE.
E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.

ROBERTA MCLAN
115 ELDREDGE ST.
NEW YORK CITY

AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF WAR STAMPS

DOE BARD
803 WILSON ST.
TOMASTON, GA.

FRANKLIN JETT
LAKE HELEN,
FLORIDA

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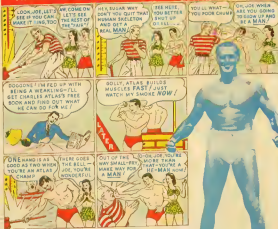
by
RED HOLMGRÅN







The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!



Actual photo of the man who built his body like the Hercules of the modern world.

HAVE YOU ever felt like the "chump" in the gym? You know the fellow who gets teased by the "big boys" and who is always the last to get a date? Well, now you can turn a "chump" into a "champion" in only 15 minutes a day!

"Myname's Charles!" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself in 15 minutes a day! I'm now the "big boy" in the gym! I'm now the "champion" in the gym!

"Myname's Charles!" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself in 15 minutes a day! I'm now the "big boy" in the gym! I'm now the "champion" in the gym!

You Get Results FAST

After 15 minutes a day, you will notice a difference. You will be able to do more and more. You will be able to do more and more.

And, you will be able to do more and more. You will be able to do more and more. You will be able to do more and more.

FREE BOOK

"Myname's Charles!" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself in 15 minutes a day! I'm now the "big boy" in the gym! I'm now the "champion" in the gym!

Send 10¢ for the book—FREE! It will tell you all about "Myname's Charles!" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself in 15 minutes a day! I'm now the "big boy" in the gym! I'm now the "champion" in the gym!



CHARLES ATLAS, BORN 1897, 155 East 135th St., New York 16, N. Y.

I want to know how you can make a "chump" into a "champion" in only 15 minutes a day! I want to know how you can make a "chump" into a "champion" in only 15 minutes a day!

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